

NOBODY GOES HOME BROKE FROM BREST

Disbursing Q.M. Hands Out
at Least a Few Dollars
to Everybody

MANY ACCOUNTS SQUARED

Even Casuals Sans Pay Books and
Service Records Get Parting
Souvenir of France

There is another remarkable thing at Brest besides rain. It—or rather he—is a major in the Quartermaster Corps, who is good-natured in spite of the fact that his job is to pay up the troops that flow daily into the various embarkation camps located near the port. And right now the last lap of the journey—the time spent at Brest before the whistle of the transport blows good-bye—is mighty short.

The major doesn't pass the buck on appeals for some of Uncle Sam's money. Probably he doesn't want to, anyway. He can't, for his headquarters is the court of last and final appeal for unpaid mileage vouchers, commutation orders and ration money.

Out of the numberless cases which come to him for decision, from brigadier generals to mail couriers, he usually finds a way to make people leave their debt to the A.E.F. plus the money they claim is due them. Besides disbursing dollars, real American dollars, at the rate of three million a month, and arranging for the exchange of one equivalent of some two million more, he has time to listen to countless pleas from both officers and enlisted men who have been passed along with pay books for an answer when they have applied before for reimbursement.

Real Problem Arises
The toughest problem, however, for the Q.M. is in paying many of the stray soldiers who arrive at Brest. Many of them have been separated from everything they have except their identity tags, their uniforms, service records, pay slips, pay books all are sometimes lacking. And then is the real problem.

Not a single soldier goes through Brest without receiving some pay. Sometimes only a casual's stipend may be given, but in the great majority of cases—and two infantry regiments are being paid daily—everyone is marked up square with the U.S.A. In fact, some doughboys, fortunate enough to have been in France for more than a year and separated from their records as late as last April, have been paid to February 1.

Many soldiers reach Brest without sufficient papers to assure them prompt payment. But that isn't their fault.

Job for Q.M. Diplomats
The diplomats of the Q.M. are used in cases where officers have wholly incomplete authority for their claims. They are sent on a mission to a far point in the interior of France to Brest, probably by way of Paris, on the strength of an order signed by a first lieutenant or inferior who designated himself town major. Here, for once, the luck was passed, and the officer didn't get his claim.

So great is the crowd in the Q.M.'s room that an orderly is stationed at the respect door, and he is accorded all the respect bestowed on a paying teller in a bank-home bank.

A.E.F. SHOP TALK

A consignment of 450,000 cigars from the German Red Cross to 49,000 German prisoners of war in A.E.F. prison camps is on the way, according to a message received by the Adjutant General's Office at G.H.Q.

While the Army post office does not make expenses, it in \$25,000 on the side by selling postage stamps during December. Many Christmas packages were slips of Government paper, as the A.E.F. bought money orders for \$1,585,000 in December. Money orders being sent to the Army of Occupation in Germany owing to the absence of a definite exchange rate.

Reserve officers returning home will be allowed to wear their uniforms three months after being transferred to the inactive list, according to War Department Circular 102.

Uncle Sam came out of hostilities with a fair share of his live-stock still alive, recent figures showing that there were 159,474 animals in the A.E.F., exclusive of guinea pigs, monkeys and rabbits living at the various laboratories. The total includes 26,465 cavalry horses, 113,011 draft horses, and 4,421 draft and 6,417 pack and riding animals. The forward area had 118,950 of the animals, the S.O.S. 56,257.

The K. of C. has opened an Enlisted Men's Club on the first and second floors of 65-51 Dietrich Street, Tric, a former popular German restaurant and grill.

Family photographs, Bibles, diaries and other possessions lost by soldiers going through the embarkation system at Brest are being collected by the Salvage Branch at that port. They will be returned to owners, if possible. Soldiers who have lost anything in the mail are requested to communicate with the Salvage Office.

The 469 field evens of the A.E.F. are capable of supplying 2,500,000 pounds each of field and garrison bread, but their daily output lately as set by the demand, has been averaging about 750,000 pounds of each daily. The field bread has a thick, hard crust, is of close texture, and will not dry out, but keeps in good condition for long periods. The garrison bread is intended to be eaten soon after baking and is much the same as bakeries sell back home.

The Chaplains' School at Le Mans has been closed. Chaplains relieved from duty sent to the Combat Officers' Replacement Depot at Gondrecourt for reassignment, according to G.O. 16.

On the French Lorraine border at Villorupt the 36th Signal Battalion on January 25 gave a "Victory Dance" in the ball room of the Salle des Fetes theater, at which the mayor of the town introduced to the Camp Devens, Mass., boys all the charming mademoiselles of Villorupt society. A good time was had by all, as they say in Worcester.

There were 241,300 men engaged in labor operations in the S.O.S. on January 1. The 58th Division is sending home \$1,200 in money orders, sending 30,000 letters and receiving 75,000 letters every day, according to the men who handle its postal business. In addition it takes \$50 a day for stamps on the packages of helmets and other souvenirs the men are sending home.

Toasts to fallen comrades were drunk at a reunion banquet at La Valbonne, when 30 of the 600 American officers who arrived in France in September, 1917, at the pioneer La Valbonne training camp, made plans to organize a La Valbonne society.

The La Valbonne officers were in the first group of 2,000 men sent from the first of the training camps in the States. They received instruction from English-speaking French veterans before being assigned to pioneer American divisions in France.

Information and welfare center at Le Mans, has been provided for the many soldiers stationed in the vicinity.

Memorial services were held on the 12th, recently by officers and men of the 126th Infantry, 32nd Division, in honor of their late commander, Col. Joseph B. Westnedge, who died November 29, 1918, at the hands of soldiers who had fallen in battle. Colonel Westnedge was removed from the woods at Avoisourt, where he had been very ill, during the Argonne battle. He never recovered. Chaplain Patrick R. Dunigan, former chaplain of the 32nd, delivered the eulogy.

THE FRONT—AT LAST

(Written by Major Sinkler Manning, of the 316th Infantry, 70th Division, who was killed in action on the Meuse, November 6, 1918. He was a son of Governor Manning of North Carolina.)

Now I am free to do, and give, and pay,
Not stinting one for other debts I owe.
My debts were these: To smile with friendly show
On all about, too close for other play;
To say to all the nothings I could say,
And miss the silence which my friends would know;
To heed the clock that ticked me to and fro
To ill-done tasks, long-drawn, diluting day.

But now I am come to a wide, free space
Of easy breath, where my straight road doth lie;
And all my debts are funded in this place
To one debt, though the figures mount the sky.
My debts are one, my foe before my face—
I shall not mind the paying when I die.

SINKLER MANNING.

AROUND THE SIBLEY STOVE

These are the days when they gather
around the Sibley Stove and tell once
more the tales of the war that was.
Send us the best one you have heard.

The Australians have just about all the
laurals they can carry back to their home
under the Southern Cross, but one of their
finest came in an informal citation conferred
on them in the midst of a battle by
a buck of the 27th Division, which was
with them on the British front. He had
just captured a Boche who spoke English
and was looking him over for possible souvenirs.

"What's them words on that there
buck?"

"Got mit uns."

"What does they mean?"

"They mean we can't be defeated
because God is with us."

"Oh, hell," replied the Tank, undis-
cussed, "we've got the Aussies with us."

The chaplain, whose seductive brogue is
music to his regiment, was glowering bale-
fully at the acres of Argonne mud, when
the corps inspector ran across him. Things
had not been exactly according to the
ordained schedule in that particular sector
on the day before and the corps com-
mander had expressed his displeasure by
relieving two unit commanders.

"But here's the doughboy who's father"
the corps inspector ventured to inquire.
"The regiment's all right," the chaplain
replied grimly, "it always is. But you can
tell me old Prussian for me that it's very
hard to keep your tail up when you've
had a kick in it."

The Bear Cats of the Tank Corps up
with the British were in the midst of a
wild fight when one of them got a big
dose of splinters in his eye and sank to the
ground, exclaiming: "My eye is gone!"

"Aw, hell, keep a-scraping!" yelled
Corporal Connolly. "You've got another
eye, ain't you?"

Colonel Blank, who had been such a
tartar at all inspections that his name was
a byword in his regiment, was in the thick
of the Argonne fighting and for six days
was unable to shave. For six days he was
unable to pry the mud from his clothing
or rake it from his hair. And in this un-
familiar state he was hailed at the end
of the sixth day by a doughboy who was
sitting a moment of leisure to shave by a mirror
hung on a knife stuck in a tree.

"Hey, there, Buddie!" the doughboy
shouted. "Do you know you look like hell?
Better come up and get a shave or Colonel
Blank will land on you like a ton of
bricks."

Colonel Blank accepted the invitation.

Around the Sibley Stoves of the 4th Division
up in Germany, they still tell the story
of the surgeon who swam the Vesle under
fire one night, and in the morning, still
under fire, received his outfit, which was
just coming up, with all the iodine and
C.C. pills it wanted, not to mention the
bandages he had all ready in case they
should be needed. The next day, too, of
the chaplain who was holding burial services
one day when a squadron of six German
airplanes came over and dropped some
bombs. Ten casualties toppled over into
the open grave.

Officers who used to eat at the general's
mess in the 78th Division will never quite
forget the painful pause that occurred
when, as often happened, the subject under
discussion was the division insignia—a
flash of lightning rampant on a scarlet
semi-circular field, fit emblem of the Light-
ning Division. But a newly arrived major
did not know that the general himself had
designed the insignia.

"It goes big with me," he confided cheer-
fully. "But what does it represent? A
cat having a fit in a bottle of ketchup?"
The pause followed.

Members of the 4th Division are calling
it the premier train of the "Hobnail Ex-
press" which marched into Germany at the
conclusion of the armistice. The major is
a certain lieutenant in the 4th Infantry
who is being hailed as one of the best en-
gines in that service. On that hike into
Germany—any one who agrees that it was
a corker from any point from which it
might be considered—officers and men of
the 4th helped their comrades with their
heavy packs. And at the conclusion of one
25-mile joint one day this particular lieuten-
ant came plugging in with five of his
men's packs on his broad back.

During the Argonne battle a straggling
negro soldier was impressed into service
by a hard-working American battery. For
several minutes he appeared awe-struck, as
the belching 75's sent their missiles of
death toward the Hun lines. Then he be-
came animated and inquired: "A shell
was rammed home and discharged, he lis-
tened, with head cocked until he thought
he heard its explosion in the German lines.

AIRPLANE LANDED IN HER BACK YARD

But Is It a Concealed Weap-
on, Third Army Ex-
perts Inquire

Whether an abandoned German air-
plane, hidden from sight in the back yard
of a woman's home, is a "concealed weap-
on" is a question that is puzzling the
salvage chief at Third Army headquar-
ters.

Recently, following an order that all in-
habitants of the American bridgehead
area must turn over German military
property, a woman timidly came into the
office at Coblenz and said she had a fly-
ing machine in her back yard which had
been left by the Germans.

Investigation disclosed one of the lat-
est types of Fokkers, in perfect condi-
tion. The woman claimed the plane had
been in her yard a short time before
the Germans told her to keep it, she said,
but the order, she realized, had trans-
formed the machine into a white elephant.
She hadn't exactly wanted it in the first place,
anyway, she asserted.

Among other things that have been
handed over as a result of the order are
more than 100 horses and countless bolts,
to date, however, there have been no
ladders or helmets or belt buckles.

TEXAS, VESLE HERO, PINES IN GERMANY

Captain He Rescued Sails
for Home Minus Hard
Hoofed Friend

Somewhere on the Atlantic is a captain
of Field Hospital 168 who leans on the
rail all day with his yearning eyes turned
toward the Rhine. Somewhere in Ger-
many, dreaming of the promised home in
America, amid green meadows done win-
cing outfields, separated from the captain
by an increasing expanse of green waves,
is Texas, an Army mule that saved the
captain's life and dumped him into the
Vesle.

Here is the story as Texas told it to
a demobilized dachshund with whom he
secretly fraternizes after taps:

"We were attached to the 26th Division
at Thioncourt and I had been work-
ing like a doughboy caring for the
wounded when the Boche blew the roof
off our hospital. I used to dog-rope once
in a while for the captain before we got
into action, so I wasn't surprised that
night when the stable sergeant, who was
also a friend of mine (I once kicked a
second lieutenant that started to bowl
him out), came down and ordered me to
report to the orderly room right away.

Important Job to Do
"I went up and the captain says to
me, 'Texas, I got an im-
portant job to do across the river and
I am calling for volunteers to go with
me.' 'I'm your mule,' says I, speaking
up the way I'd been taught. 'Let's go.'"

"We went. Just as we got to the middle
of the bridge across the Vesle the Aus-
trians began to adjust on the bridge.
They got an over and two shorts and
I knew (having served on the guns my-
self) that they had us bracketed and, al-
lowing for dispersion, I knew they might
get a target any minute. So I increased
the cadence and was half way over when
I saw a 77 coming about 500 meters away.

"I could tell by the trajectory that it
was meant for me. There was but one
thing to do—a thing I had done since
I was a rookie. Buck! I bucked and
sent the captain into the river just as
the shell hit and smashed the bridge to
splinters. I was thrown into the water,
but not across safely and walked for my
skipper. He came out, cold and splutter-
ing, but with such words of gratitude that
I'll never forget.

"I can't tell you what he said, for it
might get to the papers and they aren't
allowed to mention names recommended
for D.S.C.'s. But I can tell you he prom-
ised to get me my discharge and take

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SOME PARADOXES IN O.D.

Work of classifying the American
troops serving with British according
to their trades or civil life callings was
recently finished. Most of these soldiers,
in small specialized groups such as hos-
pital and engineering units, had come to
France in May or June of last year, be-
fore the vocational classification system
devised by Thomas A. Edison was put
into use among troops in the States.

The survey showed the change from
civil to military life had made some para-
doxes. A lawyer was found taking care
of horses, a diamond cutter who had
worked years at his trade in Holland was
polishing floors in hospital wards, a
draftsman who spoke German and French
and was a first-rate sailor as a side line
was driving spikes in a railroad, a car-
penter, electrician, concrete worker, pi-
geon fancier, chemist and laundryman.

All sorts of specialists were dug up at
jobs which required no training whatever.
Among them were electricians, carpenters,
electricians, concrete workers, pi-
geon fanciers, chemists and laundrymen.

All of them may get a chance to follow
their old callings in the A.E.F.

"Let's go and eat at a restaurant."
"Nope, I ain't hungry tonight. I'm
going to regular mess."

Doughboy (to M.P.): What you going
to be when you home, Jack?
M.P.: Dunno. Anything but a cop.

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PARIS

On the Importance of Men's Hats

"MY hat's in the
ring!" says one man.

Another man starts an ar-
gument with a third by tel-
ling him, "That isn't so." "I'll bet
my hat that it's so," replies a man so
convinced that he'll bet the limit.

You see how it is. When a man's
feelings are roused, he speaks in terms
of hats.

"Way back in 1823 we began to make
Mallory Hats. For pretty nearly a
century, we've been building up a big
business founded, not on sand, but
upon the rock-bed of a single idea—
Quality."

Mallory Hats have style—the very
smartest, always. But, after all, style
only makes a man change from one hat
to another. We wanted to put some-
thing more into a hat, something that
would make him change always from
one Mallory into another.

So, in addition to Style, we put
Quality—Mallory Hat Quality, in fact.
From the beginning, up through all
the years, we've been building up Mallory
Quality has been the big idea on which we
built.

When you return, drop into one of
the best stores and see if we've located
our hold on the big idea—Mallory
Quality.

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